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The Happy Retreat.

A PARODY ON

My banks are all furnish'd with bees.

Same Tune.



MY beehives are furnish'd with bees,
Quickset hedges my fences adorn;
My woods they are planted with trees,
And my fields yellow over with corn.
I seldom have found any tares,
Of such use are my harrows and plough;
In my orchard grow apples and pears;
In my dairy, there's milk from the cow.

Not an oak in my grove is there seen,
But the ivy around it does creep;
Not a yew tree's more reverend green,
Whence a reverend owl does not peep.
Not a blossom have I, or a bud,
But, in time, fruit or flower reveals;
Not a river that's bottom'd with mud,
But produces me plenty of eels.

From the farm-yard, the stable, the pens,
What strains drown the thresher's rude stroke!
How sheep, ducks and geese, cocks and hens,
Cackling loud, parade dunghills that smoke!
Other farms may, perhaps, be more clean,
Out-houses and hovels more fine;
Other owners more courtly be seen,
But their profit's not equal to mine.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.